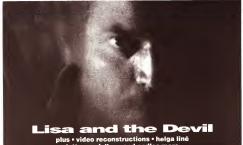
YOUR GUIDE TO OBSCURE HORROR AND EXPLOITATION ON VIDEOTAPE

NUMBER FOUR THREE DOLLARS (US)



letters • giallos • and oodles more

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It's Espartage Santoni from Lies and the Devil.



NUMBER 4 SUMMER 1992 Your Guide to Obscure Horror and Exploitation

Bob Sarpent

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Digging for Treasure on TV

DO YOU FIND YOURSELF overwhelmed when you go to the video store? Can't make a decision on what to rent and end up taking eight tapes home? No! I didn't think so. I'm the same way and rarely, if ever set foot inside these places nowadays. There's nothing there for me. Most of us who have been into foreign films for awhile have long since exhausted the stock of these bland and generic libraries (if you're just getting started. I envy the discoveries that await youl That's part of why we need fanzines to help bring alternatives to light (and a multi-standard VCR something I have yet to acquire - wouldn't hurt either).

Television is gold. The more I collect and watch, the more I come to appreciate and admire the much maligned works of foreign film directors. There's a wealth of stuff out there if you know where to find it. Edgar (and Bryan) Wallace

thrillers from Germany, masked wrestling movies from Mexico, Japanese scifi/horror that will blow your mind. . . the list is practically endless!

But how does one build up a collection from nothing (or augment one that has a few gaps?)? One essential (and easy) practice that anyone can adopt

is to faithfully scrutinize your television listings every week. Over the past couple of years, independent channels have run an amazing number of non-American horror and exploitation films that were just ripe for the pick-

All you need is a VCR with a timer and a stock of blank tape. If you paid attention, to date you could have copies of Orloff Against the Invisible Man (with Howard Vernon), Superbeast ('70s Filipino horrori Rattle in Outer Space, Hercules Against Moloch (with Rosalba Neril and The Vampire and the Rallerina lcomplete with the original Italian credits just to name a few. Spanish language channels have aired Mex-epics along the lines of La Loha. El Imperio de Dracula and Santo v Blue Demon en el Mundo de los

Muertos. Who knows what treasures next week could bring? The language barrier. What can a fan of foreign horror do if he doesn't understand the lingo? There are ways of getting around this handicap. Resides a very dog-eared Italian-English dictionary, I have a Spanish one as well (and plan to pick-up German and Japanese editions sometime this year! Even a little bit of knowl-

e edge can go a long way s when you're watching t something without English

subtitles. One might also consider picking one language and studying it a little more closely. Italian, Spanish. French and several other lanenages (including English! have their roots in Latin, so you probably will find thousands of words that are almost the same as in English. All you have to do is get used to the pronunciation. Understanding what the hell is going on during the talky bits in an otherwise engrossing horror movie is a great moti-

vator and besides, it's fun!
Filmographies. I often
get requests for these in
connection with the stars
covered in the "mini-profile" department. Well,
this time around I do have
what I hope is an extremely comprehensive one for
Heiga Liné (see page 26). It
was entirely too long for
me to print here, so photocopies are available to any
interested naries who droo

mean SASE.

MIA. An article which I promised last issue has failed to materialize (so what else is new!). This time, it's the video comparison of The Horrible Dr. Hichcock and The Terror of Dr. Hichcock. I decided to kick-off this new department with Lorne

Marshall's enlightening

(and thoroughly enjoyable) analysis of two differing prints of Mario Bava's Lisa e il Diavolo instead (starting on page 19).

Classified ads. Announced last issue, these have been cancelled due to insufficient reader response.

Mystery photo. On the back cover of last issue, it's Charles Ouiney and Erna

back cover of last issue, it's Charles Quiney and Erna Scheurer, from Jose Luis Merino's Scream of the Damon Lover.

Fanex 6. For those of you who haven't done so already, I recommend getting it in gear for what is undoubtedly the best annual horror film convention on the east coast. Last year, I had a great time meeting other fans and running my yap on the

fanzines panel. This year's Fancx is to he held August 14-16 at the usual place |the Sheraton Baltimore North in Towson, Marylandii, It would be nice if Barbara Steele | the projected guest of honor) shows up, but I'll believe it when I see her with my own eyes (and you can bet I'm keeping my fingers crossed). With or without her, it's going to be a good time. See you there? Call (410) 665-1198 or write to Box 6220. Baltimore, MD 21206 for

details It's a girl. Wednesday, April 8 at 11:47 AM, my daughter Katelyn Marie came into the world. Naturally, I've been redirecting a lot of my energy her way. Raising a little girl is an experience I would recommend to anyone (having a kid is a blast!). Kinda puts everything in perspective for you. See you in another six months or so. Until then, enjoy this ish.

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To MISS ANOTHER ISSUE OF VIDEOUZE!

If your moiling lobel soys [4], this is your lost issue! Why not get VIDEOOZE delivered right to your door and sove \$2.00 off the cover price? Four bionnu- ol issues of great horror and exploitation coverage by some of the best writers in the business?

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LAST WEEKEND AT THE New York Fancoria Show, I picked-up from a dealer your illustrious zine. It was fantastie! I love your layout (it made me drool with envy] and your choice of reviews was both smart and enlightening; keep

them obscure! However, I was a bit disappointed with Walter O'Hara's piece on Womenin-Prison pics. It was well written and nicely analytic. but how can you write a historical survey of WIP and NOT include any mention of Seventies pics like New World's The Big Doll House, Women in Cages and The Big Bird Cage?!! These three pics redefined and virtually jump-started the genre! European productions - Jess Franco's grimy schlock, the Italian Nazi craze, etc - were a direct attempt to cash in on Corman's Filipino WIP flicks (and the Ilsa pics). O'Hara's article was enjoyable, but he should have gave credit where credit is due

Mike Accomando Fairview, NJ

I WAS SURPRISED TO find myself disagreeing with Steve Thrower's opinions about Fulci, in his Un Gatto nel Cervello review, as his EYEALI reviews were among the best I've read in

a long time. I think he just missed the point. Nightmare Concert IS intended to be comical. Since his nearly deadly illness in late 1984, Fulci has a different approach towards death, his favorite towards death, his favorite

Therefore application towards death, his favorite subject matter. He's not the 'poet of meabre' anymore, he now envisions death as an event to laugh at, not a dramatic one. Horror connedy has always been a doomed subgenre, as the films belonging to it are usually neither scary or funny. At least Un Gatto nel Cervello (as well as Touch of Death and Sodoma's Ghosts) managed to be absurilly over-the-too

Let's not forget that in

and utterly comical

the 1960's, before devoting himself to horror/thriller films. Fulci had achieved nationwide popularity, in Italy, writing and directing several farcical comedies. I think that such moments as the opening "waltzing/ chainsaw-dismemberment" from Nightmare Concert/Touch of Death, or the unbearable ugly wife murder are quintessential Fulci, as was the idea to use leftovers and clins from other directors' films to make the "ultimate Fulci gore film!" (By the way, there are very few sequences not directed by Fulci, in the film) I don't know whether you've seen

Pulci's most recent films

(Voices from Beyond and Doors of Stlence); now, THEY are crap! I found Nightmare Concert irresistibly funny. . . but maybe you shouldn't trust a man who digs Bruno Matter films!

Simone Romano Pordenone, Italy

I FIND IT SOMEWHAT amusing, and a little sad. that the whole "U.S. vs. foreign fanzines" debate has resurfaced. Sad mostly because, as time goes on. I'm beginning to agree more and more with Craig [Ledbetter] and the others American fandom is in rather sorry shape now, and both the overseas fan publications and the IIS zines covering foreign product currently far outshine their domestic-oriented competition. I say not with boastfulness but with regret that SCAREAPHANALIA is one of the few remaining fanzines devoted to serious coverage. of U.S. releases. And I don't think it's a question of the quality of the movies; as Craig or anyone else would probably admit. there's as much bad stuff coming out of Europe as there is out of America. It's probably more a matter of passion, since the Europroduct is harder to come by, its fans have to be more devoted, and passion for a

subject always results in more thorough and intelli-

gent coverage of it. What Dave [Szurek] might be upset about is the opinions of some writers. who seem to believe that European shit is better than American shit simply because it's European That's not a point of view I agree with, but then I'm not about to tell someone not to express it. And I would much rather read a well-thought-out analysis of a foreign film, even one I dislike, than someone describing how they got off on the gore in the latest U.S. made-for-video slasher flick

Michael Gingold New York, NY

I FELT WALT O'HARA'S WIP film overview wasn't so hot. First, the article is well written it's inst that it didn't do anything for me (and I like WIP films). I felt a page worth of space was wasted on the Reform School Girls poster. Maybe that page should have been used by Walt to flesh-out his article. Plus, tons of WIP films were not written about; particularly the 80's American WIP films like Chained Heat, Red Heat, Naked Case, Cased Fury (a riotous blend of bad acting and pathetic plotting). Hell Hole (in an insane asylum

w/Edv Williams, Dyanne Thorne and lots of naked flesh), plus the pathetic send-up film Slammer Girls, not to mention tons of '70s fare like Sweet Sugar, The Big Doll House, The Big Bird Cage, etc.

The foreign scene also produced mega-loads of WIP films including Cased Women (Bruno Mattei directs Laura Gemser as she gets attacked by rats (a nasty scenel and wrestles in shitl. Women in Cell Block 7, Women's Prison, Escape, Sadomania, Island Women and lots more I forget. This article was the only one I didn't much care

Dan Pydynkowski Danvers, MA

for in the issue

HEY, NICE WORK ON VIDEOOZE #3. WIP article a nice intro for those who have yet to mine this genre vein. And Blair Caplinger did a sensational piece of art! Is it for sale? Erika Blanc mini-profile reminded me of how great she is. Really loved her performance in The Devil's Nightmare for whatever title it's being given this week on videol!

Tim Ferrante Keyport, NI

Lamberto Bava recentiv unveiled a new thriller with Erika Blanc called Body Puzzle. —Ed

COOL FEATURE ON WIP movies (one of my fave genres) although I regard Reform School Girls as one of the weakest entries. Tried too hard to be a "spoof," I thought. Ever see Escape from Blood Plantation? Pretty pasty Remember Snake Pit? Ouite harrowing, even without most cliched WIP "devices." How 'hout I Want to Live? Great Naked Caxe? Hot stuff.

Brian Johnson Greenville, PA

YOUR FILM REVIEWS were fascinating, especially in view of the fact that I had seen The New York Ripper while I was in Malaysia, and had just seen Ms. Stiletto (obtained at a local rental store, of all things). I had no idea that the latter was supposedly

THEY CAGED

BUIT NOT

DESIRES

Soft young

pirls

behind

bars...

anything 7

or to him!

THEIR

ISABELLA which I read years ago when I was in Europe. I have a copy of Iaccula, so that makes two films which were taken from fumetti. Were there more. do vou know? I would dearly love to see a film based on IOLANDA, or even to be able to find some issues of the comic, for that

matter.

Louis Smogor Greencastle, IN

NO THANKS FOR SLAM. ming one of my favorite films. The Devil's Nightmare ("entertainingly bad" indeed). I've been in based on the fumetto love with this movie.

which admittedly suffers from some poor dubbing. ever since I saw it at a drive-in as Satan's Playthings (the second feeture was Orgy of the Vampires as. . . Vampire Playeirls!). Some day I'll write down for you my analysis of how the "seven deadly sins" apply to each of the film's victims. You might get a chuckle out of

Lorne Marshall Glen Burnie, MD

Now there's something I'd really like to see! The SHOCK XPRESS book has a serviceable review of this film, but fails to elaborate on the "seven deadly sins" anole -Fd

THE ARTICLE ON IMPORT Horror Video struck a nerve with me. I myself ordered a couple of videos from this outlet last year. After more than a month of not hearing from Mr. Hale, I sent out a note of inquiry. After no response for a counle of weeks. I sent out another inquiry. The videos finally arrived about a week later, via UPS, with a note explaining that Hale had been hospitalized recently and thus the delay. Needless to say. I have not ordered from Import Horror Video since. Hale has a great collection of foreign horror movies It's too had his service can't be of similar quality.



The Big Doll House, hare's an ad mat that didn't make it into the article last issue. Enjoy!

Richard Akiyama Honolulu, HI

VIDEOOZE welcomes letters to the editor. Send them to Bob Sargent, P.O. Box 9911. Alexandria, VA 22304.



THE WEEKEND MURDERS (1970) aka Concerto per Pistola Solista Video Search of Miami

AN AITERNATIVELY PLAYFUL AND TRANQUIL PREcredit sequence is disupped by the guesome discovery of a deal hody butied beneath the and trap of a private golf course. The deceased (the identity of whom is not to be whose the property of the property of the property of the erall murders committed [and told in flashback] at a presumably English county extex where a goup of greedy relations assemble for a reading of the wealthy family partiacle's will insurroundings that are less than hospitable (i.e. the house they occupy is full of weapons).

an old plot line with some original twists that keep you guessing up to the very end, and a priceless investigation which is conducted by a Scotland Yard detective and a bumbling local constable who all but trade places by the time it's all over.

After a pair of prank murders, things quickly get out of hand with the real McCov (and the butler is the first to snuff it). Amidst the racist attitudes. post-'60s fashions and witty prep-school repartee arrives the law to make a further mess out of things. One of their prime suspects is the mischievous boywho-cried-wolf, Georgie, his craziness further evidenced by an macabre faked suicide and an Oedinal complex which surfaces during a fruitless romp with sultry Orchidea De Santis (7 Cadaveri per Scotland Yard, 1 Racconti

di Viterburi] as a flirtatious housemaid, that ends with the frustrated fellow fleeing her bed chamber with the disembodied laughter of his overbearing mother ringing in his ears.

white-collar criminal, an adulteress and a gold-digger, respectively, who all come to their very own (and much-deserved) ends. Relative newcomer Anna Moffo |Love Me. Baby. Love Me Jalso directed by Lupol) is a captivating screen presence as poor Barbara, she's the woman most favored in the will. one half of a pair of starcrossed lovers, and the focus of animosity for the remainder of the family Also quite good in their roles are Lance Percival as the pompous Inspector Grey and Robert Hundar who, even without much to say, is a malevolent pres-

ence as the hulking valet.
With the exception of
De Santis' striptease and
one luridly exploitative
scene with Moffo doffing
her garments, there is precious little of the copious
amounts of nudity that
usually accompanies these



Italian thrillers of the early '70s. And if you want a gore film. better turn to Fulci, because outside of a few nearbloodless bullet wounds, you're in for a letdown here. Gastone Moschin (The Godfather Part II, Sette Volte Sette [by Lupo again]] almost steals the show with his antics as Sergeant Thorpe, a character that seems intended by the director as a crucial diversionary tactic intended to steer the viewer from the real issue of who the killer actually is (it is telegraphed early on that it is Thome who will ultimately solve the crimes). The film also gets the award for best massacre of a piece of classical music (Tchaikovsky's 1st Piano Concerto, in this instance accompanied by the sound of gunfire) which is rather striking in its initial use during the aforementioned precredit sequence. All in all, a colorful - if not stylish mystery/comedy that is loaded with enough surprising role reversals, red herrings and riddles (timepieces controlling mechanical devices and some temporarily forgotten photographs provide the final keys) to keep whodunit lovers thoroughly entertained (it's a painless way to kill an hour and a half for everyone elsel. Incidentally, the film's original title, Concerto per Pistola Solista, comes from an observation Sergeant Thorpe makes about a sophisticated ruse set-up by the killer to derail the police investigation.

-Bob Sargent

BLADE OF THE RIPPER (1970) aka Lo Strano Vizio Della Signora Wardh Regal

WHAT TYPIFIES AN ITALIAN THRILLER FROM ITS cousins - the fantasy and the horror genres - is that while the other two dwell in grue or the fantastic to supplement their faults, the thriller relies on convoluted and at times, unintelligible plots. Anything goes just to keep its audience guessing. Who killed the girl? Was it him? Or was it her? Or maybe it was someone yet to be introduced to the plot. No matter what may seem obvious from the start, an Italian director is sure to toss in some screwy subplot or unsupporting character just to lead us astray. Director Sergio Martino is one of the bright stars in an otherwise dim night full of hacks. Despite some of the film's obvious faults. Blade of the Ripper ranks as one of the few good thrillers available on American video today (in three versions no less!). Ignore the inane dialogue, an Italian thriller is to be savoured because of three consequential aspects; the images, the impossible plots, and the beautiful women. Martino's classic 1970 production has all three. . . and more.

The beautiful-but-betudded Mrs. Julie Ward [Edwige Fenech] has a problem. She believes that a sadistice lover, Jean, is harssing her. To make things worse, this creep [played with marrelous sleaziness by Ivan Rassimoyl could very well be the mysterious "sex killer" which is currently terrorizing Munich. Each days the receives a bunch of roses from a mysterious caller, and the susceeds that they are belliouse reminders from fast

about their lurid affairs. You see, she and Jean were "blood lovers," that is they made love while cutting or torturing each other—a fact that she has kep the sexually distant from her husband Neal, an American emissary to Germany.

Bored of a husband she married for money rather than sex, Julie becomes involved with George [alsyed by a debonair George Hillon], the cousin of her rich friend Carol. They meet at a party and its bus at first sight. Besides having furious sexual interholes, George takes julie's mind off the horrible reality of an ever-luxting jean. Everything seems to be going well in julie's life until her friend Carol is mundered by the mysterous "see until her friend Carol is mundered by the mysterous" see until her friend Carol is mundered by the mysterous "see my self-side of the mysterous" seems of the side of the side of the best of the side of the best of the side of the best of the side o

First julie is threatened again with more purcels of mose [she screetly lowes then, reliabing the memories of Jean drawing blood from her with their sharp thorns], the is attacked in the basement parage of her apartment home, and she is getting increasingly paramoid. In the same paramoid of the paramo

George takes the frightened Julie back to his chateau, a building he inherited from Carol's estate since he was the only living recipient. There Julie bonks out even more when she imagines blood on the floor of the kitchen. She passes out and George goes for the village doctor. In the meantime, at home, Julie stirs in her bed. Dreams race through her mind. Could this really be happening to her? Wasn't Jean dead? She awakens to find someone in the house. She rises from the bed only to be attacked from behind and drugged by a chloroform-soaked rag. It is Jean, and he is very much alive! He drags the limp form of his former lover to the kitchen where he ingeniously fashioned a chamber of doom; he seals the windows opens a gas pipe which hisses deadly vapors, and arranges to have the room lock from the inside after he leaves with an ice cube (neat trick!). Smiling at a job well done. Jean knows that from all appearances it looks as if the mentally unstable Julie has elected suicide rather than live in mortal terror of the sex-killer (who has, unbeknownst to her, been killed himself - slaughtered by his final victim-to-be when she wields a pair of scissors and scores a fatal blow). Jean slips out of the house and drives away. . . just as George and the doctor race into the house only to find Julie apparently dead from suicide.

Switch to a remote roadside park where we see Jean step out from his black roadster and come face-to-face with Georgel It is revealed that George hired Jean to terrorize Julie with the roses, fake his own death, and then kill the woman, all for a large sum of money. Tean demands his bill be paid in full. George agrees and guns the man down, leaving him to not in the hot Portuguese sun. Satisfied that all the loose strings have been tied, he drives off to keep another appointment — with Julie's husband Neal!

Whos, you say. What the hell's going on? Welcome to the twisting ish of the Italian thriller. But it ain't over yet, the biggest corkscrews are yet to come. Neal picksup George and they discuss business as they drive down a meandering riverside highway. Here's the deal: the two made a pact, involving Neal's wife Julie and George's cousin Carol. Carol had inherited a shitload of money from some crazy uncle, and George didn't get a dime. Cash-hungry, the tilted cousin made a deal with his partner that if he killed Carol (making it look like the sex killer did it). George would arrange the death of Julie at the hands of Jean land if the dead man is discovered, the police would suspect that he killed Julie and then himself because of a lover's spat). George inherits Carol's millions, while debt-ridden gambler Neal will get Julie's life insurance money - and they are naught to be blamed. Laughing, the two continue down the road, thoughts of greenbacks dancing through their heads. Suddenly, as they take a sharp turn, they see a woman standing alongside of the road ahead of them. As they race ever closer her face begins to look very, VERY familiar. As the duo roar past her, they realize who it is. Julie! Julie is alive! Neal screeches the car to a halt and begins to back-up towards the apparition. As they get closer, they realize that she is indeed alive, and - as the cop cars begin to close in around them - that it was all a trap to snag them! Neal panies and in his haste to turn the car around for a quick getaway, it plunges off the road and into the rapids of the river below. Both men drown, as the police detective reveals to Julie (and the viewer) that she ALMOST died at the hands of Jean, but the cops were able to figure the whole mess out, and they used her as bait to entran the two scheming males. Looking both relieved and confused, Julie is led away by the police detective and the credits begin to roll.

Martino is an underrated craftsman, a director who is very capable of pulling-off even the wildest of plots. His efforts (especially in the thriller genrel are generally high warm affairs and at times bordering on the psychedelic. Take for instance the various brutal, vet lovingly filmed scenes between sicko Jean and sickette Julie as they bleed each other while making love. Repulsive yet fascinating. Nora Orlandi's spooky film score adds to the otherworldliness, whipping up bizarre chorus, guitar and orchestrated bits into nightmarish melodies. Other vital information: screenplay by Ernesto Gastaldi, chief camerawork by Emilio Foriscot, and the production by Spangnola Film with Antonio Crescenzi and Luciano Martino. If you're interested in other thrillers by Sergio Martino check out these titles: Il Tuo Vizio e una Stanza Chiusa e Solo Io. Ne Ho la Chiave (translation: Your Vice is a Closed Room and Only I Have the Keyl - also with Fenech and Rassimov - 1972, Tutti I Colori del Buio (translation: All the Colors of the Darkness, video title: Day of the Manlas, U.S. theatrical alternative title: They're Coming, to Get You!— also with Hilton, Fench and Rassimov — 1978, La Coda dello Scorpione (translation: The Tall of the Scorpion)—with George Hilton — 1971, and I Corpi Presentano Tracce di Violenza Carnale (U.S. video)therarical title: Torsio — 1973. A more recent Martino film, American Tiger (with Mitch Gaylord), is available from Academy Home Entertainment.

—Tim Parton

Tim edits my favorite monthly fanzine, MONSTER!. As he stated, this film is available on a multitude of video labels which he has very kindly broken out for us. They are: Congress Home Video as Next Victim, Video Gems as Next Victim, Interglobal as Blade of the Ripper and Reseal as Blade of the Ripper (unant).

Gialli Spotlight

LE FOTO DI GIOIA (1987) aka The Photos of Joy Blood Times Video

LAMBERTO BAVA (SON OF THE ITALIAN FILM GENRE legend, Mario) has been struggling for years to make his mark in the Italian horror film genre that has literally been mastered by his father, and expanded and celebrated by his mentor, Dario Argento (for whom Lamberto was an assistant director on some film revolevation.

Aside from a few entertaining, but flawed, titles like Macabro (aka Frozen Terror) and House with the Long Dark Statis (aka A Blade in the Dark), both 1980, Lamberto Bava did not find much success with his directorial efforts both overseas and in his Italian homeland until Argento produced and co-wrote the stylized Demons for News to direct

After Demons II: The Nightmare Continues, Bava made Le Note all Gloid [The Photos of Joy], a title which, to my knowledge, has yet to be translated into the English language. This stylish, and often crotic, giallo film seems to be heavily influenced by Argento in its use of color and in the tracking shots used to depict the point-of-view of the killer.

Talented Serena Crandi (horn Serena Faggioli), an acress who has exciled in various sofrore films that studdle both the consoller and dramatic genres, stars as byth et title character. Grandi has an incredible physical to grand the control of the control of the control of the mother type. Her warm facial expressions vie for attention with her gaygoous figure which includes a wellendowed chest and shapely higs. Definitely not your typical answerk model look, Grandis appearance is interesting in a whole other fashion. [Note: the unimitated Grandi as stemale truck driver, or, so controly film with

Grandi's role in Le Foto di Gioia was one of her first forays into a more respectable role for her, although it



One of the many corpses that populate Lamberto Baya's best film in years, Le Foto di Giola.

does contain a lavish amount of nudity. Bava succeeds in photographing Grandi in much the manner that his father, Mario, did in creating a mysterious and alluring look with Barbara Steele way back in 1960.

Joy, a former hardoore porn star-cum-fashion modelcum-owner of her own ritcy, entire, nudle fashion rag — Pusrcxcr — has plenty of problems trying to get the inanplement of the property of the property of the prolentian lovel, played by Capucine line one of her last performances before her recent suicidel, is a current fashion magazine competitor and plans to buy out loy's ownership with threats and cash, a teenager in a wheelchair and frequently calls on her with vain corein propositions, and her saff is peopled with a rogues gallery of sinister types like Dairo Mosodia she personal liven in secretury janother possible leshian lover!). David fizandon as the edgy holocopable and Googe Estamans as her sometime as

Things go from bad to worse when the PUSSYCAT cover girls are killed one-by-one. Baya's Argento influence

comes on strong in the stylish murder scenes. The killer's por Aunges from tirtude electricibuse to shocking bloodered while the heads of all the female victims become various mutants or insects in the killer's varied mind. After murdering the victims (one death is by an unleashed horde of hungry bees), the killer poses the corpses in front of hungs, hillboard-sized blow-ups of Grandi in erotic poses and photographs them. The women-a-sinects theme is purely the director's own inventions as "ambach" grimmick and necusors for the make for surreal viewing, making the scenes more gorosseque than insulting to the viewer.

A definitely interesting addition to the giallo genre with the added help of a superior Simon Boswell score, this title could make Serena Grandi the new female fave among the underground Euro-film fans (if she has not already become sol.

—Louis Paul

Louis currently edits BLOOD TIMES, and offers many hard-

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to-find European thrillers like this through his own video mail order company.

Cantale Corner

WELCOME BACK TO THE SECOND INSTALLMENT of your Mexican film connection. During the course of this on-going feature, I will attempt to guide you towards the most enjoyable south-of-the-border hi-jinks, while at the same time exploring the Santo mystique.

In law no idea just how many Yusoccar needers are "high to this phenomenon known as stante, and would appreciate some feedback. From what I've heard so far, this column has generated a good dard interest and I chink that's great. I'd like to know how much conveyage and after find out. Please write in to me, Nathan, cly Visiocoza, and let me know. Once I get some response, I'll know better how to introduce brine insulaments. I'll know better how to introduce brine insulaments. In that with the enthusiastic response from Santo fans everywhere pour know who you are; we can all enjoy and the worksynder you know who you are; we can all enjoy and

expand our knowledge of this topic, for better or worse.

Now sit back and grab that burrito, as I unveil this issue's Santo adventure, which is one of his earlier black and white efforts.

PROFANADORES DE TUMBAS (1965) aka Santo vs. the Grave Robbers (No U.S. video release)

ONCE AGAIN, A MAD SCIENTIST IS LOOSE IN Mexico, and none other than Estance on seem to put as and to his nefarious undertakings. As the title implies, "Ell Mestron," along with the help of his lunchbacked assistant and a couple of muscle-bound cronies, is indeed cassistant and a couple of muscle-bound cronies, is indeed robbing the local garws in order to attempt the everp-poular "bring the corpse back to life" plan, which I can only assume would help this and selectines to role the world, assume would help this and selectines to role the world. The properties are the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties and the properties of the properties o

Your basic by-the-numbers plot again concerns the evil plans of "the bad guys" who feel threatened by Santo and thus try to kill him off. As is most often the case, the plot is kept to a minimum, while the events that make up the film seem to flow in a sort of stream of consciousness that plays along like an action-packed comic book.

This particular mad scientist seems to enjor devising various gimmicks with which he tries to do in his vitals. Santo receives the first of these conoccitions in the form of a crazy lamp that sports pictures of human hearts and faces on the sides of the lampshade. After plugging this contraption in, if, proceeds to bleef [1] while emitting a such as the lamp, and an exploding violin, are sold at a shop run by one of Maestros' concess who feigns being a

homosexual!

Santo's pursuit of the bad guys lands him in the everpresent nightchib that is an integral part of seemingly every Mexi-adventure film. Just as our female singer prepares to belt out a tune, her will gleaps from the head (the work of our scientist, no doubt) and terrifies the audience. Santo rises to the occasion, smashing will underfoot of freleasing a pool of blood) and tumbling with the baddies before they manse to escape.

After many failed attempts to kidnap a nightclub singer (natch) and her boyfriend (friends of Santo, when AlWAYS end up gesting kidnapped), the bad gays finally and AlWAYS end up gesting kidnapped, the bad gays finally a large shat by this time our mad celiments has gotten has a bit tired of failing to revive the dead, and has decided to work with now the bodies instead. I down know exactly work with the bodies instead. I down know exactly expised of Gilligan's hiland where the castwayers all have their personas without to different bodies by a mad scientist Well, that's what I figured might be the case here (can you imagine what a downtrum that singers' careful can you imagine what a downtrum that singers' careful your control of the control of

Anyway, these two are stapped down and prepared for some sort of experiment whilst Stanto extensually locates Measure's hideout by using the address found inside the inside the stanton of the stanton o

Meanwhile, there's a little bit of trouble in the "mad lab" concerning the dissatisfaction expressed by the hunchback. Although I can't understand the dialogue, T alalmost bet money that the viewer is hearing the same old "I'm tired of watting to be turned into a normal he-man, which you'd promised to do to me I'in being by our seal which you'd promised to do to me I'i helped you steal threatens our good doctor who responds accordingly by braining the little gay into unconsciousness.

Santo, meanwhile, has his hands full dealing with two bentus (sere wonder why these gays are SO loyal to their master!). Insusing struggles find one gay tossed into a huge belt-driven machine (graphically tearing a straw dummy to shrods), whilst the other gest tossed into the ever-handy acid vit. Findly, If Mestro comes face-toiseed from the Silver Masked Man to fend for himself. He pead from the Silver Masked Man to fend for himself. If the pead from the Silver Masked Man to find for benefit with pead from the Silver Masked Man to find for himself. If the

In addition to what I've mentioned already, you get to wimess Santo clawing his way out of a grave after being burled alive, Santo dressed as an enchilada vendor during a soccer game (to which heroic music swells on the soundtrack as Santo whips off his disguise), and an unsuccessful attempt to shoot-up Santo with a lethal drug.

while he's wrestling. The ill-aimed dart ends-up plugging Santo's opponent instead, sending the guy stark-ravingmad throughout the arena. Profanandores de Tumbas is a definite winner that should please every Santo enthusiest

Mathew M

Nathan will continue to camp on the trail of the Silver Masked Man through his regular intros and reviews for "Santo's Corner."

TOMB OF TORTURE (1963) aka Metempsyco Blood Times Video

THIS FILM COMMENCES PROMISINGLY ENOUGH with atmospheric pox shots of a gloomy existe as somebody for could it be SOMETHING I) provide the echoing allulways. Authoritic insuice dataset exteriors add a touch of believability when two inquisitive young women show up, utering clickels like "Everybody knows there's no such thing as ghosts" in this dilapidated old dump, I wouldn't be too sure.

Naturally, this pair of unwriting — but inervitable — littlifedire rules usumbling about in the darkness, but illifedired rules usumbling about in the darkness, but are discovered by the eastle's resident mistress. Countees Elizabeth, and end up higs shook! locked in the dark manse with apparently only this surly old battleaxe for immediate company. This is, until one of the girls bumps into Hugo in the shadows. Hugo is a penny-anti legar impensanter with a mucked up less sporting a lope justice speaked syelatil a la Quasimodo or Victor Maddern's formely humebhack from Blood of the Varnatier [1958].

This butt-ugly benchman promptly kidnags the trepspaning glish and drags them off to the castle's bulle: nor ture chamber (what's a Gothic castle without at least ONB of these, anyway!). Here, Hugo torments the blonde girl by shackling her to a table. Insert reaction shows of sweat-treackle, panie-strickine features and C/D's of clenched hands and bare feet straining against transcless carry with them a strong festiblate change (see also if Boals controlled to the controlled of the controlled of the work of the controlled of the controlled of the controlled of the with the deformed between Jauchine in insectilis get.

The two girls' dead bodies are found, later on, by one De Darnell and an "indian" mysatic named Rahman [portrayed by an obvious Cancasian in sepis-tone blacking and turban]. Joding by the "bobby-"styled uniform on the investigating copper, it appears as though the story is eit in England — precisely where is anybody's good but even the most novice Euro-afficionado could immediately pingoint the true Continental origins of the filled.

Later, Dr. Darnell's visiting daughter, Anna, witnesses an appearance of the "ghost" of Countess Elizabeth's late sister, the Countess Irene, which results in a fever dream that finds poor Anna [who is the stereotypical "identical double" of Irene] alone in the cellar torture-room. Well, almost alone. Here, she is tormented by a wildly laugh-



HorrorPictures**Collection**

The "sequel" to the popular Christopher Lee booklet is out and it's a winner! Part II is crammed with over 50 photos, many of them rare, from many of Lee's films including Dracular Prince of Darkness, The Oblong Box, Theatre of Death, Blood Demon, Dark Places and Horror Express. The lattest 42 page issue (8 in full color) has minimal Finner hast with an are minimal Finner hast with an are minimal Finner hast with an are proposed to the property of th

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Onclea should b
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ing caped skeleton, which promptly vanishes then an apparent ambulatory suit of Medieval armour clanks past. Next. out of a sarcophagus pops a monstrous figure (our Hugo), and the suit of armour throws a heavy war-sword straight through screaming Anna/Irene, pinning her to the dungeon wall. A butler then shows up to be clonked repeatedly over the head with a floppy rubber "mace." before REM-mode Anna snaps out of her confusing - if highly entertaining - Zfilm nightmare. Rahman believes this nightmare is much more than merely a dream, and he fervently advises the doc and his daughter to leave town immediately.

In still another mild voyeuristic "titillation" scene, nubile Anna doffs her private lacy things and tiptoes out of the bullrushes for a discreet skinnydip (set to

a sleazy, burping sax riff, in these films, SAX invariably symbolizes SEX. Her mide swim turns out to be not so discreet after all, as she is observed by both skulking Hugo and arriving reporter (and potential hero] George Dixon, but the suddence only sees tasteful above-the-shoulder or below-the-knee perspectives of Anna's paraded immodesty. There is, however, one dar-

ing full-frontal NAVEL shot. How risqué.

Apparently Blisabeth's ancestral castle contains a secret caché of lost family treasure, as well as the missing body of her dearly departed sis, Irene; and, Anna just happens to be Irene's exact lookalike, don't forget (what a convenient conjudience, ehl). Still with me are won't

convenient conditioning, duty, sout with me all your lockmans, it's frequent injections of schumlary Victorian-real love interest and "comic" breaks that slow Tomb of Tortune way down in spots. When the film is simply left alone to wallow in its thick Gothic ambiance and William Casale-shap sope stuff, it is more watchable. In William Casale-shap sope stuff, it is more watchable, in commentation of the source of the stuff of the stuff of the soul," a relling due to the film's thematic content oblicerated by the more generic Tomb of Tortune monitor—is a high-contrast chirocurou of dense shedow and indireclighting. This serious dark feel is intermittently preventcation of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff control of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff country described by regular does of the stuff of the stuff country described by regular does of the stuff of the stuff country described by regular does of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff country described by the stuff of the stuff of the stuff of the stuff country described by the stuff of the

The 'possessed' portrait and Poe-like identical-doubleof-oth-de-dead-woman plot angles are strictly routine, and would have been better left to Corman's AIP films of the period. On a sheer atmosphere basis alone, Tomb can ably hold its own with such slightly classie: '69s Inal productions as Margherit's La Danna Menchar/Castle of Terror [1964] and Caisan's Amantu D'Oltretombol Nightamac Caulle [1965]. However, storyine it is a set to self-consciously cheery jont helped by crude makeup and shallow characterizations] for its own good.

For once, I won't divulge the entirety of the storyline.



U.S. ad mat for Anthony Kristye (Antonio Boccacci)'s Tomb of Torture.

It's too damn convoluted for me to bother with at 2:35 AM [YAWN] anyway. Suffice to say that Tomb of Torture is consistently watchable, often along the lines of those German Edgar Wallace thrillers that proliferated at the time. It builds to a suitable disorientingly hysterical and build demonstrate.

ical and luid denoutement.
Funniers and most unexpecting line of
dialogue: at one point, Dr. Darnell
informs the commonly relief village bobby,
for the point of the point of the point of the point
for mo "seaf" reak), a good enema is
what Tomb of Torture amounts to when
you consider all the constipated shirt
video outlets. But, don't look for Tomb
at Blochbaster Video (phocoef) gavyay. I
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available on pre-record; correct me if I'm wrong.

—Steve Featone

Steve is one of the most prolific writers I know, with his reviews appearing everywhere from EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA to SUB-TERRENEA. He also publishes the invaluable all Mex-zine. PANICOSI on an irregular basis.

DEVIATION (1971) (No U.S. video release)

She stumbled back against the fence. "No!" she screamed. "No! No!"
The blade entered her like a lover. Its thrusts were slow and careful at first, but they built to a climactic frenzy.

plunging deeper and deeper. . .

—Gregory Nicoll, DEAD AIR (Exhumed by Jeff Segal)

BACK IN 1987, IRFLED NOW PAMILIAR VIEDGO STORE.

Shelves for a new fix. Medicore fight for was actually boting this fan away from the geme. But a viewing of the unceasored Vampress [1974] nivited ne into the disturbing world of crotic horror. Shot on location in Britain, this fill maw affected by Spanish expartiset, toped Latrace [Allas José Latrace]. Vampress is only one example of Europe's sex and horrer movies, the combined might of Europe's sex and horrer movies, the combined might of little particular the combined might of industry for deciring lasty entrange on the allayer screen industry for deciring lasty entrange on the allayer screen.

We are all haunted by procreative and death drives. Since genuine horror is meant to confinont audience members with their mortality, films blending eros and oblivion are welcome. Disguised as crass sexploitation, European fright movies illuminate humankind's psychological underbelly. In many cases, we are encouraged to draw pleasure from cinematic flesh and blood. Doing so enables mere mortals to put their lives in perspective as meat puppets writhe and thrash on-screen.

Deviation was pseudonymously helmed by Larraz under the alias, J.R. Larrath. Available on Venezuelan video. Deviation outclasses the commercially available Vampyres for unflinching depravity. Restricted to financially threadbare productions. Larraz still manages to bleed every ounce of the macabre from his scenarios. The director's recent attempt at a new horror career is unlikely to spiral into the sordid deviation found in this rare effort.

The pretitle sequence of Deviation introduces its major characters. Dark-haired Rebecca (Sibvla Grev) darts through autumnal countryside while her brother Julian (Karl Lanchbury), immaculate as a mannequin, frenziedly boards up a room in their manor. The sprawling residence is similar to the building where much of

Vampyres was lensed.

Julian raises cash with a taxidermy business. The young man tells an acquaintance that he is now taking "a course in human embalming. . . quite fascinating, don't you think?"

That evening, another couple is involved in a weekend accident on their way to London. The choleric driver Paul, and his young mistress Olivia (Lisbeth Lundquist) are invited by Julian and Rebecca into the nearby manor. Paul swears he struck someone crossing the lanes, resulting in the accident. Olivia (who had fallen asleep prior to the crash) and the young hosts deny anyone had been hit.

Paul and Olivia take a room for the night. Hours later, the suspicious traveler wanders through the residence, investigating weird cries only he heard. In one bedroom, Paul discovers a mumbling old woman. She is blind. Cats nad softly over her inert form. Paul is unable to rouse Olivia and concludes their evening drinks were

spiked with a narcotic. Outside, Julian is supervising a burial. The unfortunate man had fled evil practiced in the manor only to be flattened underneath Paul's tires. Julian and several equally guilty companions are disposing of the evidence.

Paul attempts to start his (by now) sabotaged automobile. Switchblade wielding Julian and his droogs haul the older man into their cellar and attempt to force-feed him a lizard. The gloating Bohemians strip Paul naked. One of the deviants, the alluring Vivian, disrobes and embraces the traveler. A pistol against the skull forces Paul to endure rape. Julian appraises a tattoo on the victim's flesh and muses, "This piece of skin is worth money." The moist sounds of coitus freak-out Rebecca. She shanks Paul through the back. Agony jolts him across the cellar where another droog pops Paul's skull with a hammer stroke

Olivia wakens that morning without Paul. She discovers her hosts idea of decoration - the sculpture (?) of a hand - laving near the bed. Olivia breakfasts with Rebecca and the murmuring Auntie, the elderly woman whom Paul had visited the night before. Rebecca reveals that the lady is a medium they use to communicate with the dead. Auntic even "speaks" to the sibling's deceased parents. "Especially," Rebecca points out with dark implication, "my father." Olivia buys this story. Rebecca alibis the missing Paul, claiming he and Julian took the family car to the village for a mechanic. When they are alone. Auntie warns Olivia to leave this manor. as many individuals had perished here. The elderly

woman produces a self-loading pistol which Olivia hides when Rebecca enters the room. Unfortunately, the mis-

tress believes Auntie is senile.

Julian's sister leads Olivia down into the "refuse." a room where the deviants indulge their perversions. The vounger woman awakens the next day, weary from dope and Rebecca's gentle caresses. Julian visits Olivia with news that Paul had decided to train without her to London. In reality, the fellow's body was still chilling in the cellar.

Paul's automobile is taken away by a friend of the siblings. Olivia is lured back down into the refuge. Guitar

music and fumes fill the air, and Julian hosts an orgy. Iulian himself ravishes Olivia in bed, injecting her with heroin. Confused by the new sensations, she never wants to leave this house of unholy pleasure (as with actor Murray Brown in Vampyres, who stayed with the two women though they fed on him).

After Olivia sinks into a coma, a disreputable chemist is called in to treat her. The grandfatherly man is curious about the parties held here but Julian angrily snaps that

they are "only for the younger generation."

Rehecca accompanies the chemist to his shop. After preparing medication for Olivia, the two make love. Rebecca cuts short the romance with a knife and trashes the store. She finally drives home. Meanwhile. Inlian carefully slices the mermaid tattoo

off Paul's body. Rebecca administers the medicine to Olivia, whom she's grown fond of. After wandering around the manor, we see Rebecca a final time. She is laying next to the awakening Olivia. Rebecca is dead from the wrists which she slit open.

In a panic, Olivia rushes through the house. She discovers Paul's tattoo stretched between a picture frame, a portrait of ink on skin. The mistress wrestles a gun from Auntie, who screams Olivia had been dead for years. When Julian stens into the room, his guest blasts him repeatedly with the firearm

In a hospital, the case is discussed by physicians. Police linked atrocities at the manor with the stabbing death of the chemist. But Olivia's physical and emotional condition is very poor. Her addled mind blurs a doctor and his nurse into dopplerangers of Julian and Rebecca. Olivia weakly calls out for the dead murderess, murmuring Rebecca's name over and over again. . .

Deviation couples its graphic horror with an implicit yet scary conceit - the younger generation is following in the corrupt footsteps of its forbears. Larraz, who also scripted Deviation, deliberately understates this theme beneath rape, murder and additional deviant behavior. For instance, he only suggests the twisted relationship between the siblings and their parents. But Rebecca's attraction to her father, which defies the barrier of the afterlife, is ominous. Their droogish pals are sliced from



a similar mold, each man or woman uniquely outfitted for existence in amoral times. Though kindly, the elderly chemist who assists the deviants is hardly a role model. He has a shady past, culminating in the association with Julian and Rebecca. Even the luckless Paul provides poor representation of adult behavior. He is a posturing adulterer. To be fair, Larraz stacks the odds against parental figures. All of the older folks in Deviation are either corrupt or of no consequence to the plot. Oddly enough. other Spanish directors contributed serious fare about youthful horror, most of these films contemporary with Deviation. The movies include Narcisco Ibanez Serrador's La Residencia/The House That Screamed (1969) and Ouien Puedo Matar a un Ninol/Island of the Damned (1975), Jess Franco's Eugenie Desade (1970) and Claudio Guerin Hill's La Campana del Infierno/A Bell From Hell (1973).

Larraz is fascinated enough with unusual couples to structure Deviation and Vampyres around them. Perfectly cast Karl Lanchbury and Sibyla Grey provide the

impetus to all of the former film's aberrant behavior. Yet it is their British guests who are indicative of the wider moral chasm between couples. Paul and his mistress are victims of their own shortsightedness, falling into the clutches of the deviants only because they were attempting to keep their affair clandestine. Adultery may pale in the face of Julian and Rebecca's catalogue of horrors but it obviously the more "acceptable" conduct. Unfortunately, though Lisbeth Lundquist is comely, she is not always a credible actress. Olivia evidences unbelievable naiveté during her stay at the manor. Of course. few horror movie scapegoats display common sense. It is a grand tradition of sorts

Braced with a dated-vet-intense score of rock instrumentals that adds to his customary surety in direction. Larraz nudges seduction into violence throughout Deviation. Each sexual setpiece climaxes with murder, sweaty orgies, rape, or drug injection. Copulation becomes mere foreplay to other, less desirable, urges. Larraz never allows his cinematic sex to descend into

superficial titillation; hapless viewers are lulled by the lovemaking into a state of relaxation before an explosive shock scene.

and a strong will be a guidy pnance to those fixes bond with serulty, alekely produced, modern borner films. In seamless blend of sex and death should keep most viewen on-edge, while the concluding minutes, so matter bow bleak, are true to the mood of this movie. The credit is of Devirtion has reveal a blend of Swiss and Italian craftsmen. With its Spanish director and British locations, Devization is truly an international production. What as hame that too few North American horor function will be able to experience the dishlows delights of this cay will be able to experience the dishlows delights of this

-Jett Segal

leff halls from the state of Pennsylvania where he has immersed himself in the Asian film scene. In addition to this publication, his writings will be seen in future issues of Asian Trash Chuma and Skah.

WHEN ALICE BROKE THE MIRROR (1988) aka Quando Alice Ruppe lo Specchio (No U.S. video release)

LESTER PARSON [BRETT HALSEY] HAS TWO BAD habits: he plays the horse races too much and, after bilking old and ugly widows out of their money, he slays them without mercy. His last victim, a girl with a disgusting facial scar who falls for our modern Bluebeard, will more herself as mite the wrong choice.

When Alice Broke the Mirror was directed by Lucio Fulci (together with Fantasmi di Sodoma/Sodoma's Ghost) during the same period be made some obscure TV movies - The Sweet House of Horrors and House of Clocks, for the serial Houses of Doom - that have never been aired (at least, not here in Italy). Alice got its first screening in his home country on a TV network that was known for being the only one with the guts to show a lot of Italian movies (from the comedies of Alvaro Vitali to Cannibal Ferox) and the "internationally" notorious TV show Colpo Grosso (or, at least, it is notorious in England when one of their newspapers said that the show presented stripping housewives. Unfortunately, housewives aren't well-paid models, but that's another story. . .). (For trivia fans: there's also a porno version of the show for video exploitation starring Ron Jeremy and Eva Orlowsky called Giochi Erotici a Corpo Grosso/Erotic Games at "Big Body." Note the differentiation between Colpo and Corpo, this to avoid a lawsuit from the maker of the original show. OK, enough of that! Back to Alice.) Its showing on this network isn't very flattering to the ex "poete du macabre" (especially since his Sodoma's Ghost had been cancelled for obscure reasons, which is a pity as I would have really have loved to have seen Fulci's revisitation of the infamous saga of Italian Nazi-movies).

Anyway, When Alice Broke the Mirror is an extremely gory, stupid, and poorly made movie. Almost all of his

gore scenes have been reutilized for Un Gatto nel Cervello (with more from Sodoma's Ghost, Bloody Psycho, and so on). So, you'll again see the woman dismembered by a chainsaw, the one massacred with a club and who then gets her face roasted in a microwave oven. another with a soft spot for operatic music who is strangled with a helt. . . hut, while Un Gatto nel Cervello is very "serious" - almost sick - in its approach. Alice looks like a transposition of a French Grand-Guignol offering, together with the aforementioned gore sequences, and moments of macabre humor (like one when an embarrassed Halsey puts a woman in the back of his car but her legs keep on moving and twisting outside until he cuts off her feet!) which it's hard to say are intentional or not. And, oh ves, there's a five second part for Al Cliver/Pier Luigi Conti as a hookmaker who works in an abandoned storehouse together with a disconnected computer (!). Fulci also tries an Ed Wood Jr. inspired moment during a "police raid" when you only hear the sound of a helicopter flying around the bookmaker's den. The whole budget for the movie probably went into sneical effects (quite alright), Brett Halsey, and a good case of wine for Mr. Fulci.

It's said to say that now Fulci could be compared to people like Sergio (Bergonnelli (Blood Delirmin) or Andrea Blanchi (Bartal Ground), but he's no longer even capable of delivering sattly on the level of Anziman (which mals petty low on the scale). In his defense, we can try to think that the rumons — that these two movies (and Demontial were only partially directed by Fulci and completed by their posthoner— are true and redistributes some of the hims. So let's give the old master a lase chance or the state of the hims. So let's give the old master a lase chance we want that Fulci has definitely when his that on his car.

-- Max Della Mora

Max, who works as an assistant television cameraman in Milan, is the former editor of GOREZULA and still con-

tributes his services to many zines worldwide.

WEB OF THE SPIDER (1970)

aka Nella Stretta Morsa del Ragno

Sinister Cinema

DURING THE 1960S, ANTONIO MARCHERTH MADE some hearty contributions to the horr clients. The Vigits of Nuremberg [sks Horrs Castle], The Long Hair of Death and Castle of Terror represent some of Death and Castle of Terror represent some of which the contribution of the Castle of Terror victim of National States of memorable nomenas. The horrbhy disfigured victim of Nuremberg, the powerful conclusion to The Long Hair of Nuremberg, the powerful conclusion to The Long Hair of Death, and the almost power finales to Castle of Terror all stand out in my mind. In Web of the Spider, Margherit remakes Castle of Terror, perhaps his best with the Castle of Terror Postery in Margherit remakes Castle of Terror, perhaps his best processed of the Castle of Terror Castle of Ter

Tranquilli (in the role of Edgar Allan Poe, Tranquilli plays William in the remake). Some say Castle of Terror is the best version, while others lean toward Web of the Spider.

I enjoy both versions.

Writer Alan Foster (Anthony Franciosa, also cast as a writer in Dario Argento's very good Tenebrael snies Edgar Allan Poe (the late, great Klaus Kinski) drinking in a local bar. Foster wants to interview the master of the macabre. Poe, sitting with his friend Thomas Blackwood, is in the middle of a wild story about ghosts. Foster assumes the tale is part of Poe's vivid imagination but Edgar Allan assures his fellow colleague it's a true story. As Poe and Foster debate the existence of shosts, Blackwood challenges the young journalist to spend the night in his supposedly haunted castle. Foster accepts the wager. No one has ever survived a night in Blackwood's Castle. This night is known as "the night of the dead" in which the dead return to relive their demise. Not exactly a ton of fun. Poe and Blackwood drop off the young journalist at the forehoding manor. A huge iron gate (with an ugly spike on it) creaks shut. The wind howls. Eerie sounds echo through the evening and Foster is edgy. Inside the creepy old structure. Alan is intrigued by the nainting of a strikingly beautiful woman. The castle continues to weave a strange spell over Foster. Alan is suddenly startled by a real woman. She introduces herself as Elizabeth Rlackwood, Thomas' sister. Elizabeth (Michele Mercier, from the telephone segment of Black Sabbath and Avenuer of the Seven Seas) tells Foster that her brother is always making wagers and convincing folks the castle is haunted. "Let me show you to your room," says Elizabeth in a strange tone. "You've been expecting me." replies Foster. "Yes Alsn." is Elizabeth's weird answer. As Alan and Elizabeth converse, it's apparent they are falling in love (only in the movies). Their talk is interrupted by Julia (Karin Field, also seen in The Mad Butcher, The Demons, and The Psychopath with George Martin), the woman in the portrait. Julia is jealous of Elizabeth's love for Poster. Liz ignores Julia and jumps into bed with Foster. Their passion is cut short by a mysterious man who stabs Elizabeth. Alan kills him only to see his body vanish. Foster returns to his room to find Elizabeth gone as well.

Hearing footsteps. Al is confronted by Dr. Carmus (Peter Carsten). Carmus allows the journalist to view the events of Blackwood Castle's past. Elizabeth was loved by her husband William (Silvano Tranquilli, the only cast member from the original and also in The Black Belly of the Tarantula) and a surly gent called Herbert (Raf Bladassarel. In a jealous rage, Herbert chokes the life out of William as he makes love to Elizabeth. Herb is then bashed in the head by Julia. Julia attempts to comfort Liz. Distraught, Elizabeth drives a knife into Julia's midriff. Foster is bewildered. Hang on Alan, it isn't over vet. Dr. Carmus is killed by the ghost of Herbert. Herb snaps Carmus' neck and drinks his blood. Voices break the silence. It's two young lovers. They are murdered by Julia and Carmus. The castle of ghosts want Alan next. Elizabeth reappears to help Foster escape. Stumbling across the grounds, Alan finds the grave of Elizabeth Blackwood! Inches away from freedom, Foster is impaled on the iron gate. Poe and Blackwood arrive at dawn. Elackwood collects his money from the writer. A bet is a bet. But in death, lonely Alan Foster is reunited with Elizabeth. They have found happiness in the hereafter.

Elizabeth. They have found harpiness in the herester. Web of the Sajder compares favorably to the original version. Margheriti directs with zeal, nicely stulking colorbeds, skull-intented crypts and dark cortidors. One wonderful sequence is a long-creep-preduct to the murder of Dr. Carmus. A Carmus silently explores the dimay live castle, we know something is going to happen. Suddenly, in a nearly crypt, a compe legisto to different preference of the compared to the compared of the preference of the compared to the compared of the Margheriti carefully builds the tension throughout the film.

The acting is above-average by everyone involved. The understand Anthony Functions brings a good deal of gasto to his role. Francioss often conveys how he feels with a simple expression. It's hard to fill the shoes of Bard Steels, but Michele Mercler conducts herself admirably fill to doesn't hart. That the control is the steel of the steel

Bruno Corbucci and Giovanni Grimaldi's screenplay contains some interesting ruminations about death (the idea that no one really dies unless they are willing to die boarders on poiemant) and there is some lovely photogra-

nhy by Sandro and Memmo Mancori.

Fans of the film will be happy to know that a longer Italian language servision of Web of the Spider exists a Nello Stretta Mores del Regno. The extra footage in Nello Stretta inducida e aconversation between Elizabeth and palla cut from the U.S. print. The scene in which pulsa considers Elizabeth has been abortered in Web, omitting julia Ksisting Elizabeth. A high angle short of pulsa collegating on the bed after site a stabled the as lived pulsa collegating on the bed after site a stabled that shot deep of the pulsa collegation of the stable of the site of deep of the possible pulsa stable of the site of the stable of the stable of the site of the stable of the site of the stable of the site of the deep of the stable o

Margheriti directed one more entertaining horror/mystery, Seven Deaths in the Cat's Eye, before moving on to comedies, westerns and action films for the majority of the '70s. Seek out Web of the Spider (and Nella Streta Mosas del Remol. break out the poocorn, and enjoy!

Conrad is an incredibly knowledgeable commentator when it comes to European-made Gothic horror and, I'm happy to say, a regular contributor to Vinscozs.

-Conrad Widener

THE PEOPLE WHO OWN THE DARK (1975) aka Ultimo Deseo Star Classics

LIKE CRIMSON/LAS RATAS NO DUERMEN DE NOCHE and Dracula vs. Frankenstein/Los Monstruos del Terror. there is nothing between you and...

> who own DARK"

this is a rare excursion into science fiction territory for Paul Naschy. He plays a rich drug trafficker and sportsman who is invited to a weekend at the villa of Maria Perschy (the most alluring actress to regularly appear in borror films in the 70% this was her fifth and last vehicle alongside Naschy). Attending are a half-dozen professional men, including a Soviet attache and two doctors, one of whom is played by Riccardo Palacios (Attack of the Robots, 1001 Nights), as well as a half-dozen women. among them Julia Salv (The Night of the Secontle The Craving). After initial introductions, they all converge in the basement, where the men sit around a table, fright masks concealing their faces, and the women pose seductively nearby. Persony explains that they will be narticipating in a "grand ceremony of pure pleasure," and in honor of Comte Donatien de Sade, they are "to be ruthless in the gratification of [their] desires."

Unfortunately for the quests (and the viewer), the promised depravities never transpire, for there is a tremor that shakes the foundations, as if this scene from Sodom and Gomorrah has brought the wrath of the Almighty. Panic ensues (In one disjointed but oddly effective moment, a woman can be heard screaming as Naschy takes off his fright mask.) Birds and does are found with their evehalls onsone, suddenly rendered blind, as is the maid. One of the guests is a government scientist, played by Alberto de Mendoza (a cop in A Lizard in a Woman's Skin and the sycophantic monk in Horror Express), who explains what has happened; the fools in authority have dropped the Rig One. Because of the inevitable nuclear radiation, he proposes they stay in the basement for two months but that the men first go into town to get enough supplies for the duration(!)

Perishy and her former leabtan lover, Tereas Gimpera jamother regular in gener films of this period, more temeorrably as the title filend in Hamnach, Queen of the host period of the period of the period of the host nuclears, Gimpera had left her two kids with her mother before comings here, which prompts the insensitive Naschy to comment that they are susely deal now. Eventually the newly-difficted victims of the bomb begin stracking the unaffired, pirst two of the guests who, perstancing the unaffired, pirst two of the guests who, perconfines of the basement, try to except them the villa itself, amanting through the walls with ene, crushing one

Previous page: One-sheet for Leon Kilmovsky's trashy end-of-the-world epic, The People Who Own the Dark.

woman with an automobile bumper and then thumbing another's eyes to make her like them. Perschy's party moves into the cellar locking their attackers out.

After a quiet period, the chrome-pated doctor speculates that the assailants may have gone away, to which Naschy replies. "And the Easter Bunny shits jelly beans." The assailants have in fact not some away: they pour sasoline into the cellar to drive the inhabitants out like rats. Naschy causes the crazy fat man and baldy to get trapped and hurn to death. Wielding a rifle, he now takes charge ordering the remaining four (Gimnera, Perschy, de Mendoza and a woman de Mendoza had become intimate with during the trauma, played by Nadiuska ithe female lead in M.I. Bonns' charmingly re-titled Rapell out through a convenient bulkhead. The blind attackers catch Gimpera, shooting her through the mouth with a nistol, and Perschy gets their attention so that they can kill Naschy, which they do but not before he shoots Derschy

In the end, de Mendoza and his companion are "recued" by the "Committee for Civil Rehabilitation," guys wearing radiation suits, who load them onto a bus. As Beethover's Ninth plays on the speakers, the riders are painlessly gassed — the scientist's expression betrays that he alone has understood his fate all along — and the lifeless bodies are thrown into a pit for incineration, recalling similar soutpress in The Last Mm on Farth.

The People Who Own the Dark, while centrally mowher near so good as the Vincent Price film, as, as this kind of picture goes, better than average, mainly because of its gent ears. In conclises the similarly plotted, above paced and also Spanish Refuge of Fear, which stars would be supported by the People of Fear, which stars to be supported by the property of the Mind as monthow an example of the property of the Mind as monthow and installated, further perpentated by the fact that the stackers are lead by the only one of them billing prior to the bombing, in this way, this film is like a hydred of Tembor of the Billind Dead, which is what it would like to be, and Endete Case II, which similarly depicts in "freak" as the beautiful property of the Billind Dead, which is what it would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the beautiful property of the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the beautiful property of the Billind Dead when the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the beautiful property of the Billind Dead when the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is what the would like to be, and the Billind Dead which is which the Billind Dead which is the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the Billind Dead which is the Billind People of the

The script's co-suthor, Vicente Aranda, wrote and directed the much more successful The Biol Spattered Bidd there years before. Director Lon Klimovsky was qualte positile, in the first half of the decode, making mixed profits of the first half of the decode, making mixed the state of the decode, making mixed with the state of the state of the Watewolf vs. the Waldemar Danitasky pictures The Watewolf vs. the Watewolf vs. the Cumple Woman and Dr. [skyll and the Watewolf). In the mile-sightie, he could be found cameoing in Amando de Ossorlóv. The See Seprent, a monster overse-locking than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand than Lambetto Bows Devel Tath and which Ray Nilliand See Tath and See Tath

-Lorne Marshall

Lorne writes frequently on the subject of seventies horror cinema and has been a contributor to VDBOOZE since its second issue. His work has appeared in a variety of magazines, soon to include an uncomine Midmonth Marouse.

BEDEVILED Bava

by Lome Marshall

ALL GENRE ENTHUSIasts who have reveled in the oeuvre of the greatest horror film director out of Italy, Mario Bava, are aware of the problems Baya had with his 1972 work Lisa and the Devil. His ardent followers know that in its original form, the movie was regarded as not marketable by its producer, Alfred Leone, who forced Baya to shoot additional scenes to make it into a "possession" film in the vein of The Exercist, 1973. In 1975, the abortion The House of Exercism was

is the second of the second of



A ghostly Espartace Santoni as Elena/Lisa luckless former lover, Carlo.

Fortunately, the original film, once thought to be out of print, has surfaced via a Venezuelan source brought to light a little more than a year ago by writer Craig Ledbetter in the pages of the digest VIDEO WATCHDOG. This copy is itself somewhat incomplete, though only with respect to the picture's more exploitative elements, causing one to think that it was probably once used as a TV print land a friend of mine tells me that over ten years ago, he saw Lisa and the Devil

broadcast on local Baltimore television more than oncely those missing elements are retained in The House of Exorcism anyway. Consequently, the original movie can be reconstructed.

The Venezuelan tape, which has a copyright date of 1974, is approximately 4 minutes longer than any release of The House of Exorcism, a public domain entity circulating on several labels such as Amvest (in an inexpensive, attractive, though LP, transfer) and MPI (which also

Comparison of Lisa and the Devil and The House of Exorcism

offers the film in a box with the name Devil in the House of Exercise on it, now hoped to be the nucu original but which turns out to be identically the same prim as The House of Exercise, thic included, Considering the fact that there is over 33 minutes of material unique to the butchered version, it is easy to calculate that there is volved over a half-an-bour of stuff in the original film exclusive by. One other twent of watering the Venezuelan tape is that it is letterboard, roughly 1.50:1, all transfers of the other version are copped.

My format for ressembling the original is to recount the film virtually scene-by-scene, with the particulars only in Lisa and the Devil Renceforth referred to as LD1 in Italias II do not chronicle the countless extra seconds chopped off from many segments if they contribute nothing more than cadence to the work) and footnotes used to delinease the particulars only in The House of Exorcism (henceforth referred to as HE). Avapore reading just the

LD synopsis without the footnotes will see what Baya initially intended. However, the HE interludes do display the wicked wit of Baya, faced with a project he no doubt resented. So while they disrupt LD, by themselves they are without merit. Frankly, they're the funniest found in any film on the topic, rivalled only by those in the 1974 German picture Reyond the Darkness (possessed schoolgirl Magdelena to priest: "I want to take communion. . . not in my mouth but down here in my pussy. . . you dirty nunfucker"), and thus they

fucker"), and thus they should be savored. The best method to appreciate this piece, then, is to read the synopsis first without referring to the footnotes and then peruse it a second time with them, to see how the two versions compare.

LD opens with Tally Savalas sitting at a table with a deck of cards. In a somewhat animated fashies, the constitution of the control of the cardin route constitution of the property of the cardin route swifely from a skyline of cathedials down to passengers unlossing off a tousite has, two of whom are Liss [like Sommer and her female companion, [Kathy Loose]. Their the Devil' carrying off the dead; "a fesco which the speaker tealess has achieved its longevity thanks to the Devil limited], scording to a load superstition. Liss is drawn away to a curio shop around the corner by the shadonion that first of the control of the control of the shadonion that first whom we never see sain in lease of

e not in this version).

and the detection, the spites a musical caronal with little human figurines on it. When he sake the shopkeept [Finars von Treubergh how much he wants for the item, he tetals her it has already been purchased by his other carella her it has already been purchased by his other carella her it has already been purchased by his other carella her has been to be a substitute between him and the portrayal of Staran she had seen in the fresco. She slowly backs out of the shop, the parten commenting as the lawson that the reasoned as the parten commenting as the lawson that the reasoned as behind it. Immediately the realizes she is lost and wonders around looking for the main square. She asks both a man standing on a course and a woman looking out a She heari laughest behind her?

She hears laughter behind her.²
After a bit more roaming, Lisa runs into the store
patron again, who is carrying both his dummy and the

carousel. She asks him if he knows the way to the main square, and when he asks her what square, she hesitantly describes the one with the chthonic nainting. He points her in one direction as he goes in the other. No sooner does she stroll around a corner and up some stairs than she is confronted by the man's dummy-turnedflesh3 (Espartaco Santoni), who calls her "Elena" and tells her, "You knew that I'd come back to you." When he clutches her, they struggle and he trips down the stairs, breaking his neck. Lisa runs away as the camera lingers on the



the one scene only in *The House of Exercisn* that is not a possession scene.

man's pocket watch.4

special note of it.

Cut to night and Lisa standing beneath a street lamp. She sees the healights of a car, a model from the 1920's, and races toward it. It stops as the approaches, as the chauffeur gets out to glance under the hood, Lisa sake for a ride. After the explaints her situation, the man in the back seat, trank [Glazardo Fajirdo], both as istimu coldyloncar to his wife Sophia (bylva Kootina), agrees to give her a filt. She with a the front sea with the chauffeur, all this, the wife is the front sea with the chauffeur of t

The car breaks down outside a villa. George helps Sophia out (there is a close-up of their hands touching, which the husband again notices). The door to the mansion opens and Lisa is shocked to see standing there the same man who had bought the "dummy." He is the butler at this estate. As Frank illuminares to him his party's problems, there is a female vuce in the background who tells the butler, Aleisandro, to end the people away. A young man, Max [Aleasio Oranol, appears and apologistics for his mother's inhospitality by explaining that you don't get many visitors out here. He runs in to his mother [Alida Wall] and asks the countests to let them stay. She grudgingly accedes, but she makes Max send them to the nearly octure.

Led by the buller, they walk over a bridge to get to be the dwelling. Aleiandro offers Lisa a follipop and asisk rie she remembers him from earlier, to which she unconvincingly answers in the negative. Aleiandro makes a joke when one guest compilains about the slippery terrain: "There's a bit of moss here — and there — and a verywhere." George drives the automobile inside the gates of the manor.

The next shot occurs after some time has elapsed. Lisa

enters her room with a bath towel wrapped around herself. While looking into a vanity mirror, she starts because she hears the music box again. A grandfather clock gongs, and in its glass. Sophia is shown sneaking around. She winds up in George's bedroom. They talk for a little hit and smoke cigarettes. Sophia telling him that upon arrival, the first thing Frank did was look for a tub and that her husband knows about the affair but is insouciant about it. quelling George's anxiety. The pair embrace and

make love.6

Lisa is now fully dressed but still seated at the mirror. She knocks something to the floor and notices it is

the waitch she had seen earlier lying near the man who had accorted her in the equart. Then the sees his face at the window, and when she runs outside, she spots him the sees his face at the window, and when she runs outside, she spots him the sees had been as the sees of the sees

After all the formal introductions have been made and the guests are served, Max's mother cryptically inquires about who the "fifth guest" is, even though there is no one else present. Sophize talks about how "it's so easy to imagine amysterious visitors in this bosse." Sie goes on to opine that this is the perfect setting for a horror story, declaring," I pedie phots to vormitges, holyer so much declaring. "I pedie phots to vormitges, holyer so much them. It turns out to be a statuette that has been smund that room for a while. The countees says, "I told you he'd be back. "We moo timproduced to the fifth gener, but the pedie to the proper some state of the pedie to the Maximilian." Wheeling in a two-ther chocolune cake, however, the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the pedie state of the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the home the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the home the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the home the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the pedie to the home the pedie to the home the pedie to the p

Max takes a piece of the confection and goes upstairs; his mother has a chagrined look on her face. He goes into a dusty room from where a low moaning emanates, telling someone unseen he calls Elena: "Did you know he was back? You musun't see him... I will not let him come between us again. He's caused enough anguish.

He'll never enter this

Aleiandro goes out to see George, who is working on the car. The chauffeur tells him that the automobile is fixed and to tell the others to get ready to leave (to which the butler comments to himself. "Most things aren't that easy to mend"). Meanwhile Max has sone back downstairs into the study. To another absent person he monologues, "How could you come back. . . after what you've done to us ... I never thought you'd have the courage. Why did you have to come back now? Just when I found hanni-



The table guests are all corpses, and they are looking at Alessio Orano as he backs away from his reanimated mother (seated left to right: Gabriele Tinti, Espartaco Santoni, "Elena," Eduardo Fajardo, and Sylva Kosolns.

destroy everything. You can tuke he away again.

In the parlor where the guests are searcd, Frank saks Lisat if she will need a ride anywhere, but the bullet says that Max wants het to stay. The countess comes into the room and asks questions about Lisa. As she runs her hands over Lisat countenance, Sophia observes that the marriarch is blind. As Aligiands described Issia in terms ostensibly familiar to both him and the countess, the lines when I told you to stay away. Now it's to last."

At the same time, Max has opened a book in the study in which there is a sterum of a woman identical to Lisa.

under which there is a message of love from "Elena" to
"Carlo." Max burns this picture.

Lisa states at the musical carousel as the picture goes
up in flames. She winds it up but there is no music. An
impatient Sophia says to her husband "I am going out of
my mind." so Frank says he will so out and check to see

how far the chauffeur has progressed on the automobile. Aleiandro walks in with a device playing the Rodrigo composition. Sophia hears the car horn and walks out as Alejandro stuffs the player inside the carousel, uttering, "I find that invariably, Miss Lisa, there is a very simple explanation for almost everything." There is one brief segment with George under the hood, banging his head when someone blows the horn. He goes around the car to look and no one is there.

Lisa begins fantasizing about Elena's affair with Carlo. Elena/Lisa is running in a meadow. Carlo, the same man who had seized Lisa on the steps, appears behind her and states. "When I saw you, I had to come back and help you in some way. To give you life and hanniness " They embrace. Cut to a shot of him laying her down in a room replete with mannequins.8 Lisa begins to come out of her daydream, still focusing on the carousel. Max appears, swirling like one of the figurines, and he

entreats her again: "Don't leave me, please. The thought of losing you brings me such sadness." They embrace, revolving like the carousel. Max becomes Carlo, who says "I waited so lone for you." and it forces Lisa completely out of the dream. The carousel has stopped at the skeletal figure of Death

When Sophia calls for George out by the car, only Frank is there. He confronts her about her involvement with the chauffeur, clutching her

arm. "If this is your way of being a man, Frank, I'm very unimpressed." When he slaps her, she falls against the side door, opening it, and George's bloody torso spills out. There is a shot of the contessa walking down a hall with a pair of gore-streaked scissors in one hand. The next scene is of Sophia caressing George's head and sobbing "Why! Why!" Alejandro appears with the serving cart, which the men load the chauffeur's body onto.

There is a sort of funeral procession, during which Sophia really breaks down. The guests march behind Aleiandro to the cottage. Frank asks Max if he thinks they should call the police but the young man demurs. The butler says, "It's not always wise to stir up the past. We all have some unforgivable secret. . . let us leave well enough alone." Frank speculates that the miscreant must be the fifth guest the countess had inquired about at dinner. As if to corroborate that, there is a shot of Carlo looking down at the bloody scissors lying on a table, after which he goes into the room that Max had forhidden him from entering

Inside the chateau, the butler advises Frank to leave Frank asks him if he thinks George found out something he wasn't supposed to, to which Alejandro says "We all have enemies. . . and what better place to get rid of someone undestrable," clearly indicting Frank, "All you have to do is go and leave the corpse to us." He asks Frank for a cigarette, and after taking a drag, Max's mother comes down the staircase, causing the butler to shove the cigarette between the other man's fingers and stuff his lollinon into his own month, exclaiming, "Sir, would you mind putting out those cigarettes. The smoke bothers the contessa." She asks if Max and Lisa are

together. They are. The two are out in the earden, and again Max bees her not to leave. He sounds suicidal. "Solitude is all that awaits me. What else is there to live for! What else matters!" His mother shows up and questions his pride. Max returns with: "I only have the greatest regret for what I have not done." "We both know how it will end," the countess says, and he counters with. "You're

wrong this time. . . it will he different." She calls him a child, which shatters him. She drags him

away. Lisa spies Alejandro

walking into the chapel carrying a body. Suddenly a hand covers her mouthit is Carlo's. He tells her "For years I waited for this moment. We must leave from here . Wait for me, I'll go see what he's doing." He drifts toward the chanel and disannears in the enveloping fog. Curious to see what Aleiandro is up to herself.

Lisa goes over to take a look. She sees him preparing a body in a coffin, a wreath over its head, while singing Auld Lang Sync. When he notices the feet sticking out too far, the butler breaks the ankles, making Lisa wince. And when he removes the wreath, the sight of Carlo in the coffin makes her recoil. When she walks away, she sees the same man coming toward her, saving, "Elena, what's the matter. I heard you scream." She runs into the house and into the room full of dummies from her fantasy. Carlo springs out of nowhere seemingly, making her faint.9 He says, "Why did you run away from me: I told vou I want to help you. I love you."

Meanwhile, Sophia is pouring her love out to George's corpse in the cottage. Frank comes in and mills her away from him, saying, "If you're through mourning your lover, we can leave." He has to roughly grab her arm. When they get to the car, she tells him "I'm not coming with you. I'm staying here till George is buried." "We can do without the chauffeur," Frank assures her. He opens the passenger door for her, and as he walks in front of the vehicle she slips into the driver's seat and puts the car in drive. She runs over him, puts the car in



reverse, runs over him again, and then repeats. Just for good measure, she does it a third time. Alejandro looks out the window of the chapel and observes the goings-on

with approval.10

There is a brief shot of Carlo laying Lisa down on the floor, then he tells her how all the suffering is over now. Almost immediately Carlo is bludgeoned to death with a table leg. Fresh from her own misdeed, Sophia walks in and witnesses the act, screams, then sprints out. She is chased and eventually cornered and bludgeoned in the same way, and the perpetrator is exposed; Max. After this, there is a momentary, moody shot of a ruminating comptess

Aleiandro walks into the room with a puppet that looks just like Carlo, its head is cracked. "The ceremony must go on. The countess is waiting - waiting to bury the dead." He places it in a chair and repairs the head, proceeding into a monologue which reveals that Carlo and the countess were married and Max was his stepson.

then quipping about Carlo's "losing his head" over another woman There is a sequence with the countess talking to Carlo in his casket. lamenting the fact that he came back not for her but for Lisa, 11 Alejandro revives Lisa, taking measurements of her as she becomes conscious. She sees the dummy of Carlo and begins asking questions. She is told that this is only a dummy and that the real Carlo is dead. She

glides out of the room and winds up in the one with Sophia's corpse, over which the countess is crouched. She screams and runs again. The countess asks Aleiandro if Lisa really looks like Flena to which there is an emphatic "yes," She says they must

... and after

find Lisa before Max does. Lisa runs into Max, thinking it is with him she will be safe. He says he will help her escape. When he brings her to his room and shows her "Elena," who is now a desiccated corpse. Lisa can't conceal her horror, which Max piquantly interprets as jealousy over this "other woman" when he says, "She means nothing to me now." He tells Lisa, "She could have helped me. I begged her to." He chloroforms Lisa, announcing as he takes her clothes off and then his. "Now we'll always be together. It will be different with you. I know it will. It has to be." He then mounts her, but during the act he hears Elena's voice laughing at him, causing him to yell, "Leave me. . . I can't with you here."

He exits the room, upsetting Carlo's casket, trashing the decorations and bellowing, "I hate the smell of death. We don't want funeral trimmings. This is a wedding ceremony." He stumbles into his mother, who says he should abandon Lisa after what he did to Flena. His tri quoque is ripe with indignation, and he blurts out that he avenged himself and his mother at the same time, presumably by killing Carlo. Max admits to murdering the chauffeur because he was going to take Lisa with him. "Now they'll come looking for all those people," the countess predicts. She believes Max will be safe only if Lisa disappears. He hates it when she again calls him a child, perhaps because it reminds him of his inadequacies. He impales her in the chest with a candlestick pricket.

Looking for Alejandro, Max goes to the dining room. where all the murdered victims are now sitting, including Elena's moldering body. There is a wedding cake with worms crawling on it. His mother appears, shambling toward him. All his victims turn to gaze at him. He reels from their accusatory faces and falls out a window, Alejandro appears over the matriarch, who has just collapsed on the sill, now a puppet. He declares, "They just never stay put."12

Lisa wakes up nude the next morning in a vegetacries. "She's a shost.



Everyone knows that. No one's lived there for a hundred years." They all run away. The ball rolls at Aleiandro. who is standing on the street corner and is approached by the shopkeeper from whom he hought Carlo's dummy and the carousel. The store owner says, "Here you are, Mr. Alejandro. It's the best I could do. I had such a short notice. I do hope you think it's alright, sir." The butler responds with "I'm afraid it's too late my friend All too late."13 Lisa gets in a cab as the camera swiftly moves up the same cathedral edifices it had scaled down at the antest

The last scene features Lisa in an airplane. After listening to the captain's instructions, she notices she is all alone on the 747, so she investigates all the cabins There is a heartbeat on the soundtrack as she moves through each compartment. When she sets to the back. she sees seated there all of Max's victims, as well as Max himself. She runs to the cocknit and is distressed to see Alejandro at the helm. When the camera cuts back to her, she is dressed like the doll the shonkeener had tried to give Alejandro. A ghostly voice utters the name "Elena" and she slumps to the floor, limp like a puppet.

It should be obvious by the preceding summary and its footnotes that the doctored HE is quite haffling to grasn. Furthermore, some of the things it omits are important to the original film since they increase the understanding of

it. This is particularly true of the final sequence on the plane, which seems to verify the allegory of Savalas as the Devil carting away the damned to Hell, literally displayed with the mural and hinted at two other times when he leads the guests to their cottage and then in a funereal parade. In fact, the shot of "Lisa" transforming into the effigy of "Elena" suggests that perhaps she was Elena the entire time and had tried to chide her nunishment, a possibility unavailable in HE. This downbeat ending is more typical of European films. In HE the priest removes the demon from its victim and thus everything is bright

again. Even what von Treuberg says to Sayalas at the end of HE is indicative of a more happy denouement, in which "good" triumphs over "evil" by successfully cluding it. (On a less important, though no less intriguing, note, LD's finish provides a link to Baya's next film. Baron Blood, also 1972 and starring Elke Sommer, which begins on an airplane. And in that opening, Kathy Leone is briefly seen as a passenger, as if "eluding"

the evil in her previous film for the director l Some subtext is lost in HE, too. The pain the dead

leave for the living, exemplified by the almost unbearable misery shown by Koscina over Tinti's demise, is much better expounded upon in LD. Likewise. Orano's frustration over his sexual failings is made more nungent with his additional scenes in LD. On the lighter side, the scene missing in HE with the bouncing ball is an amusing reference to both Kill, Baby, Kill, 1966, and the story Federico Fellini directed for Spirits of the Dead. 1967. called "Toby Dammit," on which Bava served as the cinematographer.

One change that is actually welcome in HE, though it was certainly done by accident, is the depiction of Santoni as an apparition throughout much of the film effected by not letting him exist in a scene by himself. I suppose it could be offered that the elimination of the two "red herring" sequences with Valli after Orano has committed his murders is agreeable, too. As mentioned earlier. HE does contain some moments that have been bowdlerized from the Venezuelan tane. There are really just four: a shot of Koscina's naked upper torso as Tinti goes down on her during their lovemaking, a similar shot of Sommer when Orano undresses her, and two of Koscina's bloody head after she's been beaten to death by Orano, one of which seems to show nails from the table leg poking out.

Blessedly, both versions retain elements that contribute favorably to the work. One is the unbelievably perverse scene of quasi-necrophilia in Orano's bedroom, an elegant homage to The Horrible Dr. Hichcock, 1962. (Baya's movie is, in fact, a return to the kind of Gothic milieu he and Freda, as well as other Italians, wranned around their films in the 60's. His own The Whip and the Body, 1963, parallels LD in many ways.) Another is the very subtle implication of incest between mother and son. Also intact though 30 minutes tardier in HE, is the paralyzing first appearance of Santoni at the estate, the "face at the window" a device used often by Baya that can evoke terror in both young and old: for children, it

represents the fear of just seeing something horrible for adults, it's the reverse, the phobia of voveurism.

Sadly, the thing that seems to be the weakest in both films is the two leading roles. Although Savalas' Devil is at times humorous and his performance on a par with his theatrics in Horror Express, 1972 (his diatribe against what it is like being a "noor Devil" ["All this tradition. . . I wouldn't mind if I had any"l is remarkably poignant), his flamboyant persona seems to be out of place in an otherwise



et the end of the picture when Elke is on the plane end has just turned back into "Elena."

morosely introspective film. Or perhaps that was the point of having him there. Sommer's phlegmatic, almost dialogue-free part is worse, however: the sense of her as perpetual victim is always clovingly prevalent, with the action always happening to her. Like Savalas, it's not Sommer's fault, for she does much with what she has, but her character in the inferior Baron Blood was much more energetic.

Savalas and Sommer were not the only actors that worked in other horror films. The distinguished Alida Valli is the most recognizable (she was in Tender Dracula, 1974, and Suspiria, 1976, to name just two), but some of the others contributed their fair share to Italian terror cinema: Eduardo Fajardo (Murder Mansion, 1972, and City of the Walking Dead, 1980), Svlva Koscina (Uncle was a Vampire, 1959, and The Slasher. . . is the Sex Maniac, 1976), Gabriele Tinti (The Sexorcist, 1974, and Trap Them and Kill Them, 1977). And Baya's son Lamberto. who has fashioned his own up (Macabre, 1980, A Blade in the Dark, 1983, and Dinner with a Vampire, 1989) and down (Demons, 1986, Demons 2, 1987, and Gravevard Disturbance, 1987] career, was assistant director here. He had actually worked in this capacity for his father since as early as Planet of the Vampires [1965] and Kill, Baby, Kill.

FOOTNOTES

I. The opening credits of HE are superimposed over first the illustration of a house with a window glowing and time an illustration of the possessed Elke Sommer with a cross emblacened on her face. The accompanying music is much more melodramatic and brassy than LDV, scealing the adulteration LEs Ratter did to Brav APP pictures, despite the face that both renderings credit the same man, Carlo Savina, with creating the contraction of the contra

means of Rodrigev Consistent of Armajous throughout.

J. Bill in Jaco of the Conflict was facility the Sommer Jeaves the cases the exempting scene is seen the its very cartify) seven into the facility of the conflict of th

LD.
3. HE drives the point home by fisshing a few times to the dummy Savalas was holding.

4. HE eggest to a doctor looking at his own watch as he takes commer/palse. Outside Sommers hopseld room, Loose talks to the Sommer's palse. Outside Sommers hopseld room, Loose talks to the control of the control

similar image.

S. For some reason, in HE Tinti secures the automobile before the guests are brought to the cottage. In addition, there is an interhade between the two seenes: the dector shows Sommer's electroencephalogram to Alds, commenting that it looks normal, the priest's theory, or course, is that these manifestations in Sommer are coming from "the dark area of the unconsections. . the souls"

6. In this intermisation, there is more chit that between the priors and decion; and then Sommer crugs in a naturum, throwing the whole hospital wing into chaos. After some germanicits by her stumt double, Sommer is strapped down and whetched off, yelling so the priors, "Misterable fuckling hastard..., you won't use me in your games consight." So also recites in a minimiking voice, "Dismissing voice to the prior is served" because the next some is the one in which Savatas gives the passers support.

7. IEE vage here is the most amoning of the handelned product from the wise to Sommer's herelated wound not brought Boots. Sommer to the house the commer's herelated with the brought Boots Sommer's considerable of the huntest lines from Sommer. While Alls is reading "The Gord's Prarye," Sommer pointers plant all over his sold, abouting, "These your facilities (ally bread. Ret in., 10be you did show whomer' comes before you because points." When he said to their possessing they work the property of the company of the commercial to the processing they would. The primordial boast. I am the blood, the sweet, the sporm, from the beginning, "Then she alternative byting him the 18 films," when, like the onea you need to face." And when he saids to "demon" when proceed interfer with the same question the same processing the same processing the processing th

you jerk!" Savalas' tittering when HE switches back to the main story is fitting.

8. Since her woolgathering is deleted in HE, Sommer's fantasy plays out during Orano's incincration of the picture, so it must be assumed in this version that it is his fantasy.
Another intermission occurs right after this, and it starts with

Sommer delling the prince that I was because they was improven that he had to have seen that Carls. "Do yet angle know what it means prince, for a woman to long for a cock?" abe queries. "To you know how he way within game?" he said in was boarded with "I had he will be the seen to be a said to be a south that "All "I had he wide to be a said to be a south that "All "I had he wide to be a said to be a south that "All "I had he wide to be a said to be a sai

9. At this interval in IRI, Sommer requests some water. When Abla goes to pour kit, pelaptic op address carees the four and be learn the sound of a car excident, making him remember the worst that billed a femerator lover, American Siral, Sommer themselven into ber. See his bely state, it is possibly the only vary effective inserved mossner in Bills his bely state. In possibly the only vary effective inserved mossner in Bills, Alla's anguish is wreatching. Silvay part her branch to write pulse-enabled floor and remainful him how he "track to wellow inside pulse", it wastar a subset. He finally part her to tran hank interval to the contract of the contract of

Priest, love."

In his is the hriefest break, about twenty seconds. Basically, Sommer tells Alfa that his religion is no match for the horror that has gone on at the villa. "No blessing, no prayer has reached that house. They're damned forever."

Curiously, like those mentioned in footnote 5, here there are some somes that are rearranged. The murder of Fajards outstally occurs right after the abready-trumeated funeral procession, as if the editor didn't hink the auditatione could remember what motivened Koscina to do it if it happened much later. Therefore, the succinct possession interruption here actually occurs are first than footnose 9.

Right after this brief Interruption, which is at about the 20-minute mark of HE, is placed the sequence that occurred at shout the 20-minute mark of ID in which Sommer observes Santonis's watch, his face at the window, and then his entire person outside [again an underestimation of the sudience's intelligence!]. And when Sommer hacks away from Santoni, instead of humping into Mark the observes Sarabas carry-time Santoni, instead of humping into Mark the observes Sarabas carry-town Santoni, instead of humping into Mark the observes Sarabas carry-town Santonia Santonia's and Santonia's

 In HE, supplanting this is a sequence running exactly the same length with Sommer telling Alda, "Every night for fifty press this has been our Hell. . . murder and adultery, an evil game played by the Devil."
 "An impotent little pupper," croaks the controlled Sommer to Alda.

After she reveals to the priest where the house is, he begins exercising her as incidental music flows, making his incantations mute. She proceeds to spit out hile and toads.

13. What you Treuberg says in HE is different from what he says in LD.

13. What won Treuberg says in HE is different from what he says in LD. "She's petting away. That's another one we're losing. Should It ya change of clothes, that works sometimes. Maybe — maybe the outfit she had on when she and Carlo were running away!" Savalas' reply is the same.

The ending of HE is extremely anticlimactic. Aléa arrives at a chintery recreation of Orano's room, now base, and begins the exoretism, waving his appengill around. Elena's rotted corpse and the bed it was inhabiting materialize, seakes sithbering in and out of her skull. Aléa's beverary goes up in fitnenes as the septents if yet him, he manages to barnish all the spirits but is burnt to a crisp himself, for no good reason other han to emulate the secrifice of isson Miller at the end of The Exercise.



Helga Liné

WEST CERMAN-BORN ACTIESS HELGA LINE IS NOT just another perty face. While this star of larges enterem a could easily age thy on her exotic good-looks alone, Mo. Lind swaper, bought to the roles a specif harm and the performances of her competitions pale in comparison. In many of her films she embodied by performances of her competition, pale perhaps best illustrated by her character in Horre Rises from the Tomb [1972]. Alongside Putil Nasely, she is the resurrected consort of a vicious 15th-entary evildor: who must est human hearts to continue her extense.

Although first spotted by most European horror fans in Mario Caiano's Nighrmare Castle [1965] as the scheming mistress of Paul Muller, and holding her own alongside horror legend Barbara Steele, the versatile Ms. Liné has also appeared in straight adventure films, sexploitation efforts, Italian James Bond rip-offs, jeilalo thrillers and numerous peplums. She even occasionally went Southof the-Border to pope in the most unificient of places
— once in a movie with the old Silver Masked Man himself, called Sauto v. D. Pearth [1973]. A non-horror title
that is a personal favorite of mine is Giuliano Carmineo's
Prout I mo Sortor I on Afron _ Array of Pessattors [1973]
where she puts in a delightful cameo near the end [as a
cigate smoking aristocental, shitnoogh many male admires
may prefer her bikini-clad prancing about in When the
Scenamins Store [187].

Whatever subgenre your tastes may lean towards, chances are that it is incher for Helpa Line having worked in it. She claimed in a 1975 interview to have appeared in 78 feature films. Seeing as she continued working through the eighties, the final tally could add up to considerably more (say, 140). Let's hope so. a

THE FANZINE B. A PHENOMENON THAT KNOWS NO international boundaries. With this fourth installment of our regular fanzines column, we'll take a closer look at what some editors outside the confines of the U.S. are paying attention to. And as we seem to be through the worst of the recession here in the states, some new titles have appeared to replace the established ones that have of the conditions. With the taking a peek at some of those too.

COLD SWEAT

Trevor Barley
26 Salford Road, Old Marston, Oxford, 0X3
0RY. England

HIBE'S AN AUWAYS INTERESTING AND PROPUSEIX Ultrated that photocopy and for European borned limit unstrated little photocopy and for European borned limit informative article on Italian TV by Max Della Mora, seads of capsule reviews (Crimes of the the Black Cox, Goldan, Tan Short Night of the Gasar 2018) and plenty of these sexylgory Italian comics (with Greek wood bulloons). Trove doesn't seem to offer subscriptions but issues;1-5 are all available for \$1.50 each lwrite the editor in find out what the cost would be to U.S. readers.

PANICOS!

Steve Fentone
P.O. Box 742, Station Q, Toronto, Ontario,
M4T 2N5. Canada

YOW: IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT EXPLORING Medican cinema, this publication is essential! Never in my life have I seen such a wealth of information jammed inno 90 digest-seeding pages! The latest issue, 68, has the definitive "Santography," accors of well-written reviews definitive "Santography," accors of well-written reviews definitive "Santography," accors of well-written reviews definition of the Rene Cardona filmography published in the previous issue, Tim Tan, Pederico Curile, Mill Mascarsa and even some letters! The watchy layout see designed in the spirit of these cuttingous films and, I just how that appropriate of the contraction films and, I just how that appropriate of the contraction of the propriate films and in the problems of the propriate provided in the problems of the propriate p

IMAGINATOR

Ken Miller

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THE VIDENEZS 5-STAR RATING STREET ***** Too-estab, best of

Pseudonyms Revisited

HERE WE GO AGAIN! It's the third addendum to our continuing A-Z list of stage names.

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Acknowledgments

ALL DHOTOS COLIDTESY of the VIDEOOZE Archives except: Page 9 [Harry Dolezal) and pages 19-24 (Lorne Marshall).

Coming Up

Erzebet Bathory: "The Bloody Countess* Suzy Kendall miniprofile

German Edgar Wallace thrillers

Mare Furo-reviews



